

## THE WORLD.

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## Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD  
for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 11, was as follows:

MONDAY.....	114,540
TUESDAY.....	110,100
WEDNESDAY.....	104,360
THURSDAY.....	104,300
FRIDAY.....	100,680
SATURDAY.....	112,120

## NOT COMPLIMENTARY.

Mr. BLAINE may well pray to be delivered from his friends, especially from his "home friends."

It is the reverse of flattering to the man from Maine to have his letter interpreted as meaning directly the contrary of what he says. If Mr. BLAINE be the hypocrite and trickster that some of his near friends represent him as being, and is capable of writing a letter ostensibly to withdraw his name from consideration as a candidate, but really intended to help him to the nomination that he desires and expects, he is not a fit man for President.

We do Mr. BLAINE the justice of believing him to be sincere.

## RETH LOW'S PLAIN SPEAKING.

It is a real satisfaction to find one Republican leader who has the full courage of right convictions.

Ex-Mayor Low told the Brooklyn Republican League some wholesome truths last night. He said to the old stagers plumply that the "raising again of the old war-cry" places the Republican party "at a distinct disadvantage with the new voters." He declared also that the party "might as well expect to keep the ocean at high tide as to keep the tariff in time of peace substantially what it was in time of war."

Good for SETH LOW! It is not the first time that he has been ahead of a laggard party and its blind leaders.

## PROTECTION AGAINST BURGLARS.

The third murder within a few days by burglars caught at their work, suggests anew the need of more severe laws against this class of criminals.

An experienced Judge of the Supreme Court has said that burglary of an inhabited building should be made a capital offense, punishable by imprisonment for life.

Every burglar who enters a dwelling-house, said the Judge, goes prepared and determined to take life if necessary to his success in robbery or his escape if discovered. The murderous intent exists, and cold-blooded preparation is made for the crime. Such a man is much more deserving of even the death penalty than is one who kills another without premeditation in the heat of passion.

Make burglary more risky and it will become less common.

## NO PRESS CENSORSHIP.

Congressman CUMMINGS, of this city, did well to flesh his maiden sword in battling for the liberty of the press. And it proves that he can "think on his feet" as well as at the end of a pencil, and speaks to the point with force and effect, even in that parliamentary bear garden, the House of Representatives. This country does not want and will not tolerate any censorship of the press from Washington, even in the matter of advertisements. The Pacific Railway ring and the other jobbers in legislation would, no doubt, like to begin such a system, but so long as this is America and not Russia it won't be done.

## BY-BY, BOSS PLATT.

BOSS PLATT has been a long time going, but unless the Senate of New York wears his brass collar he will now go for certain.

The Court has decided against him, and the Governor has nominated a new and strong Board of Quarantine Commissioners to take the place of the hold-overs.

It will be interesting to see the reasons advanced by any Republican Senator for voting against the confirmation of two men of their own party and one unexceptionable Democrat for these positions. It is time this scandal were ended.

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The good Dr. McGLYNN is showing himself to be "no slouch" of a politician.

## Content vs. Discontent.

One, satisfied with what must be her lot—  
"Twas not a corner lot—serenely content  
Never to wander from her humble cot.  
Made beautiful by wine and sweet content.  
And one, dissatisfied with all he had,  
Moved from his place into the world's mad whirl.  
What did he find? Well, it was not so bad—  
The fellow found that cottage and that girl.

## WHAT INTERESTS GRAIN BROKERS.

Gary Moore is making a big reputation as a man of nerve.  
Dan Tuthill says: "The rumor is false. I am not going to open a bakery."  
Bill Hebert is said to be making preparations to go on the stage as a prestidigitator.  
Brokers Knox and Green are said to be thinking seriously of starting a laundry firm.  
Tommy Young has refused a flattering offer to sing baritone with the American Opera.  
Callaghan has just returned from his wedding tour. He says he's sorry he didn't marry long ago.  
The boys are talking of backing John, the German giant, against John L., when the latter returns from abroad.

A feeling of profound sympathy is everywhere expressed for good-natured and popular Dan Dixon, who is lying dangerously ill with pneumonia.  
The unusual number of black eyes on "Change lately suggests slippery neighborhoods, unstable legs, boxing lessons or hitting the market the wrong way.

Gold says: "Now that Bismarck has run his bill through the Reichstag war clouds have disappeared, and, according to Hoyte, a toboggan slide is in order."  
The Produce Exchange Toboggan Club, with its four steel runners, "Bull," "Bear," "Cydonia" and "Doc Cooke," make things lively at the Polo Grounds nowadays.

Jortel Gese Herick is again in the grain pit. He says he hasn't taken any decided stand on the market up to date—sees nothing in it—can't read it—only playing for a little cent either way—glad to catch it, if he's lucky.

## WORLDINGS.

The unusual sight of a rainbow in the sky, with the temperature fifteen degrees below zero, was witnessed at Franklin, Pa., a few days ago.

The latest musical prodigy to come into notice is little Vincent Emmet Kaup, of Taylorville, Ind. He is two and a half years old and sings in a clear, sweet voice any song that he has ever heard.

A. H. Green, of Greenwood, Tenn., died recently of a broken heart. He was prostrated with grief at the death of his daughter Jessie, who was killed in a railroad collision several weeks ago, and never recovered from the shock.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox told a Milwaukee reporter that she does almost all of her writing at night, spending her mornings in the performance of household duties and the afternoons in making calls. She does her own marketing, and has a daily interview with her butcher and grocer.

Alinsworth R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, who is noted for his wonderful memory, is nearly sixty-three years old. He is of slight physique, dark complexion, wears iron gray whiskers, and is usually seen bundled up in a heavy overcoat, with a blue muffler around his neck. He has held his present position for twenty-three years.

The Deputy Clerk of the Hennepin County (Minn.) Court says that during the past twenty years 7,000 marriages have been solemnized in and around St. Paul, of which no returns have been made to the clerk's office. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as legal, and much difficulty will arise in proving them in cases where heirs are contesting for an estate or in applications for pensions.

Thousands of blind crows were seen in the woods and fields near Chattanooga recently, and people had no difficulty in approaching and seizing them. No one knows what caused their blindness. A similar phenomenon was observed there three years ago, when so many blind crows were seen around the city that the ground was black with them, and thousands of them died of starvation.

Mr. George Fay, a wealthy Englishman who has lived for several years at Guanajuato, Mexico, is now erecting in a suburb of that city a magnificent palace on which he expects to expend \$40,000. The building will be not less than 100 feet high, and it will be surrounded by immense gardens that will recall the famed hanging gardens of Babylon, and to which access will be gained by a gigantic elevator.

Capt. Calhoun, an old resident of St. Joseph County, Mich., died in Florence Township recently, and his four sons, who had been separated for eighteen years, came home to attend the funeral. They rode in the same car unknown to each other from Chicago to White Pigeon, two of them occupying the same seat, and was not until they all tried to get the same conveyance to take them to the old homestead that their identity was disclosed to each other.

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## QUEEN OF THE AIR.

## A Romance of the Circus.

Police Capt. John Gunner.

## PART IV.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

ADAM, now that I have met you I feel that the little girl will fare very well at your hands. Since Dr. Ledyard assures me that the mother of the child is dead, I said, with a little stress on the words, "I think I may consider it a fortunate thing for her to fall into such fortune as to be cared for by you. I will bring the girl to see you, if you like."

Thanks, I shall be glad to see her. Can you bring her to-morrow morning?" she said, rising to terminate the present interview.

Yes, I will be here with Zoe at 11, and if you will give me an assurance that you will take the responsibility of caring for her I shall be happy to consign her to your hands," I said.

"I will be at home at 11," the lady returned.

"You are sure you will not repent of your goodness?" I asked, smiling.

She smiled faintly herself and said: "I think I shall not."

She bowed gracefully, but with this faint air of constraint, and Phil and myself took our leave.



SHE CLASPED HIM IN HER ARMS.

As soon as we had gotten out of the house Phil turned to me eagerly.

"My God, Capt. Gunner," he said, "did you notice I did."

"Of course I did," I interrupted. "The same expression of the face, the same features, the same figure! I made that last remark on purpose to get her to smile, and did you see how strong the likeness was then?"

"I should say I did," said Phil. "I noticed the likeness the moment she came into the room. You would almost think it was Zoe."

Mrs. Stone, except in the color of her eyes which were a deep blue, and in her complexion, which was very fair, was the exact picture of Zoe. There was not the faintest trace of doubt in my mind that I had already found for the little girl her mother! No one could have seen the two for a moment without being struck by the extraordinary resemblance between them. I also settled in my mind that neither Mr. Stone nor Dr. Ledyard was father to the child. The Spanish in Zoe was too pronounced, and to me an hereditary gift, and Mrs. Stone was a perfect type of the well-preserved American.

I called for Zoe the next morning and said to her: "Zoe, I am afraid you cannot find your mamma for some time, and perhaps you never may. You know she may be dead. But I have discovered a rich, kind lady who wishes to see you to-day, and wants to have you come and stay with her. If you are good, she may always keep you. It is not often, Zoe, that a girl has such an opportunity as you will have."



ZOE CAME TO SEE ME AT THE STATION.

Zoe assured me she would be very good. On our way to Mrs. Stone's she asked me: "Captain, has that circus man who brought me to you been round again?"

"No, he hasn't anything more to do with you now," I answered.

"How long is the circus going to be at the Rink?" she asked next.

"Rather the circus, Zoe," I said a little impatiently. "Put that out of your head now. The less you think about circuses or setting the better."

When we got to Mrs. Stone's and were shown into the parlor Zoe was evidently struck by the splendor and richness of the room. Her eyes wandered about from object to object rapidly. But we were not kept waiting long. The plump portiere that separated one room from another was parted, and Mrs. Stone, dressed in some white trailing garment, appeared. Her eye fell on Zoe at once, and with a cry that was like a sob she rushed towards the girl, her arms outstretched. She clasped her in her arms, and pressing her to her bosom, kissed her forehead and lips repeatedly, while the tears filled her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

Poor Zoe was somewhat abashed by the excessive warmth of the reception, and with a child's bashfulness failed to respond. I said nothing, and Mrs. Stone, retaining her, was betraying an emotion hardly justified by the situation so far as she fancied it known, seated herself and, taking Zoe's hand, said: "I am very fond of children, Capt. Gunner, and the thought of such a beautiful little girl being friendless in the world has moved me very greatly. But I will take care of her now, and she shall be as sweet to you as I am to me. You will leave her with me, won't you, Captain?"

"Yes, ma'am," I see no reason why I

should not. I feel that Zoe is a lucky girl to have found so kind a protectress. Zoe," I continued, rising, "you must show you feel this good lady's kindness by being a good girl and trying all you can to please her."

"With this I took my leave, Mrs. Stone still holding Zoe by the hand.

A week later Zoe came to see me at the station-house. She drove up in a coupe, and a footman opened the carriage door for her to get out. She was dressed quite differently from the time I first saw her. Instead of the gray and black dress she wore some soft silk, covered with lace, and had on a seal-skin sacque and a velvet cap of the same fur, while her small hands were daintily gloved.

"She came over to me impulsively, with a bright smile on her lips, and, throwing her arms around my neck, kissed me in the most ardent fashion in the world. Then she stood down, pulled off her kid gloves a little impatiently, as if she were somewhat constrained by such coverings for her hands, and began to talk to me.

"Captain, it was so good of you to take me to such a dear lady. You see how I am dressed," and she stretched out her hands gayly. And I, who had been a carriage and a man in a long coat—the footman," she said, correcting herself with dignity—"opened the door for me."

"It is the same way at home. Mrs. Stone cannot do enough for me. She comes in my room every night and kisses me, and sometimes cries over me. Captain, why should she cry over me and be so fond of me?" she said curiously.

"Why, Zoe," I answered, "because she is fond of children and has none of her own, and she loves you as if you were a niece, pretty girl. Do you try to please her?"

"Oh, yes," said Zoe. "Why, Captain, look at my hair," and she caught hold of the long jet black tresses which had been so carefully plaited, and pulled them around over her shoulder to show me. "A girl fixes it that way every day for me. She's my maid," and Zoe laughed again. It was like a flash that the girl to be dropped into such luxury and affluence.

"What do the other people say and do?" I asked.

Concluded To-morrow.

## CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

Founded by a Capuchin Father and Still Under the Care of the Order.

The Church of Our Lady of Sorrows in Pitt street was founded by the Rev. Bonaventura Frey in 1857, for the benefit of the German Catholics in the eastern part of the city. In those years immigration had begun to increase to such an extent that its effect was very appreciable, especially in the east side district.

The parish formerly was a part of St. Mary's, but its separation from that parish was authorized by Archbishop McCloskey, who saw and appreciated the needs of the German Catholics in that part of the city. Three lots were purchased on Pitt street, and the erection of the church immediately began, the corner-stone of which was laid Aug. 15, 1857. It was dedicated Sept. 6, 1858, by Archbishop McCloskey.

The building, which has a frontage of 66 feet on Pitt street and is 100 feet long, is a handsome structure of the Byzantine style, and will accommodate a congregation of 1,200 people. Father Frey was a member of the Order of Capuchin Fathers, the church was placed under the care of this order from the beginning. As soon as the congregation began to increase a number of Capuchin Fathers came from the West, where the first communities of the order had been established, and where the Superior General resided, and organized a house here.

When Father Bonaventura, a few years after, was transferred to the Church of St. John the Baptist, the Rev. Laurentius Vorwerk, who is now at the head of the parish, succeeded him. His first pastorate was a brief one, but during this period he was able to carry out the design of the founder so far that the ground for the parochial school was purchased and the work on the schoolhouse begun.

The Father Vorwerk went West the Rev. J. P. Frase succeeded him. Under his pastorate the school-house was completed and placed under the care of the Brothers of Mary and the Dominican Sisters. From 1861 to 1871 the Rev. Joseph Ficht was pastor, and in the latter year the Rev. Laurentius Vorwerk returned from Milwaukee and resumed his pastorate.

Connected with the church is the Capuchin Convent, which was founded by the Rev. Father Frey. Father Vorwerk is the guardian, and it contains four fathers and two lay brothers. There is also the Order of St. Francis in the parish, rosary and altar societies and a conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The parochial schools are now in a most prosperous condition. The boys' school, at 219 Stanton street, has an average daily attendance of 352 pupils, and the girls' school, at 107 Pitt street, has 450 pupils. Father Laurentius is greatly interested in educational matters and is a member of the Diocesan School Board.

Father P. Laurentius Vorwerk, O. M. Cap., was born in Burlington, Ia., Aug. 15, 1841. He obtained his early education at the Calvary College, Wisconsin, and entered the Capuchin Order. He was ordained May 22, 1869. He came to New York shortly afterwards, where he was associated with Father Frey at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, and when he succeeded him. He left New York, however, for Milwaukee, where he established the Church of St. Francis and placed it upon a firm basis. He only returned to Milwaukee long enough to see the church securely established, when he returned to his former charge in this city. Since his return he has been zealous and successful in building up the parish, improving its educational facilities and ministering to its religious needs.

His present assistants in the parochial work are the Rev. P. Louis Hengen, O. M. Cap.; Rev. P. Timothy Grossman, O. M. Cap.; Rev. P. Casimir Luffing, O. M. Cap., and Rev. P. Martin Buechel, O. M. Cap.

## WELL-KNOWN STATEN ISLANDERS.

Jack Taylor is one of the best typographers on the island.

David Jacobs, of Stapleton, counts his friends by the score.

Samuel Hobson, train despatcher at St. George, is an old railroaded of wide experience.

Albert Jones, ticket agent at the Stapleton railway station, has a friend in every person that passes through the gate.

James Johnson, junior partner in a large house-furnishing establishment in New Brighton, is on hand with Alert Hose at every fire.

Herman Sprang, proprietor of the Baltimore, in Tompkinsville, has many friends among New York business men who live on Staten Island.

W. C. Devos, of Port Richmond, High Priest of Tyrian Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, was just returned from the annual convention of the order at Albany.

Clary Clerk, C. A. Hart, who always runs ahead of his ticket at the polls, takes a deep interest in the improvement of Staten Island. He is the owner of Hart Park.

George Allen, who came from Washington when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company took charge of the rapid transit road, has risen to be chief carpenter of the road.

## SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.



THIS IS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Few seem to know it, however, as it has gone out of fashion.

The good St. Valentine seems to have gone out of fashion, like a dude after he has got married. Supt. Richards, of the delivery system of the Post-Office, says that he had forgotten that to-day was the day set apart for the honor of the lovers' patron saint. There had been no perceptible increase in business at the Post-Office on account of St. Valentine, who before the carriers are fervently thankful.

The custom of sending valentines has been waning since 1872 in which year it reached its highest popularity. Like the roller rink and a host of other things good in moderation, valentines died through over-nourishment in this land of overdoing.

St. Valentine was a priest of the early Church. His birthday came during the season of the old pagan festival of Lupercal, one of the ceremonies of which was the placing of the names of the maidens of a party in a vase. These were drawn by an equal number of Roman swains and each youth's "draw" became his valentine. The custom has continued down to the present, but nowadays the young people independently choose their own valentines.

## ABOUT TOWN COSSIP.

Police Capt. Meakin, McEldown, Eakin, Copeland and McDonnell are on the sick list, rheumatism and lumbago being the principal ailments.

Inspector Steers is a genius in his way, and has a skilfully arranged burglar alarm, electrical bell signal and gas lighter and extinguisher of his own creation in his Manhattanville home.

Harry Morris, who now serves with elegance and despatch in a caté in Broadway, near Park place, is reported to be one of the most travelled among the many migratory waiters in this city.

Supt. Murray has been very fortunate in real estate ventures, each home he has owned having nearly doubled in value. For his present home on Lexington avenue he has refused an advance of \$10,000 over its cost.

Police Capt. Allaire is receiving many congratulations upon recent real estate sales aggregating a quarter of a million of dollars. He regrets to have to explain that they were made by a totally different Anthony Allaire.

Prof. Hughes, formerly of the song-and-dance firm of Hogan and Hughes, is preparing for a career as a night-club singer in the Hoffman.

J. E. Lowenstein, the Walker street restaurateur, is generally ready to take a hand in a game of pinocchio for the coffee with his customers, while his pretty daughter comes in with her fancy work and watches at the cashier's desk.

The Police Commissioners all have handsome incomes aside from the \$5,000 a year they receive from the city. President French from successful mining speculations, Mr. Voorhis from the business as an asphalt-builder, Mr. McElvane from his planing-mill and Gen. Porter from his army pension.

## What Shall He Do?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish to consult you in regard to military matters, viz.: I was formerly connected with a regiment in this city, having enlisted in December, 1882, at the age of eighteen, without the consent of my parents, who were much incensed when they learned of it. I did considerable duty for about two years, and then the business I was in did not permit me to attend drills. So, about two years ago, in the spring of 1886, I was notified by the captain in command of the company that if I did not appear on a certain date I would be expelled from the company. This notice was in writing. I did not appear at the time mentioned, and a member of the company notified me in person that I was expelled and demanded my uniform, which I surrendered to him. I did not appear in 1887, I was notified to appear before a court-martial to answer certain charges of delinquency which had been preferred against me. I appeared and placed the letter before the Court showing that I was no longer a member of the regiment, and the President gave no decision in the matter at that time. But to-day a Marshal appeared at my place of business and demanded \$20 or my body, but finally consented to defer my arrest a week, until I came to make an appeal to the regiment. Will you kindly inform me what to do in the matter, as I am unable to pay the money and do not wish to repose in Ludlow Jail for twenty days. By advising me in this matter you will greatly oblige a constant reader.

Feb. 15. EX-GUARDSMAN.

No Map Has Ever Been Published.

New Yorker (in Boston)—Can you direct me to the last article that I forwarded to you, sir?

Officer—Cert. You go through Province court Washington street, ask through Cornhill until you come to the street part, circle round Seely square till you find an outlet, and inquire again. That's as far as my best goes.

## An Unkind Cut.

Noted Author (to magazine editor)—Did you read the last article that I forwarded to you, sir?

Magazine Editor (with a hurt look)—Read it, sir? Do you think I would so far forget myself as to read one of your articles before accepting it?

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## THEY GOT THEIR VALENTINES.

Some of the Missives Which Were Received by Well-Known People of This City.

Valentines were received by the rich and the poor this morning, bringing happiness to many a young heart and recalling old days to many a matron and elderly maid. The prominent officials, politicians and other citizens well known to the public were not forgotten either.

Mayor Hewitt—The offer of a renomination and no questions asked nor pledges exacted, from Richard Croker and Maurice J. Power, Alderman James J. Sullivan, and a letter, entitled "Fun in the Custom-House; or, How I Frighten Politicians."

Maurice B. Flynn—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Rollin M. Squire. Rollin M. Squire—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Maurice B. Flynn.

Alderman Patrick Napoleon Oakley—A letter from Police Justice Duffy apologizing for the magistrate's abuse of the Alderman.

Ex-Register John Reilly—A petition from 8,000 voters of the Tenth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Assembly districts asking him to become a candidate for Congress.

Thomas Costigan—A toboggan and a season ticket for a slide down the Palisades.

Gold badge for the hangman's mustache in New York.

Dr. George Kretz, President of the Ananias Club—A pair of curing irons to keep his liverian bangs in proper caper on his alabaster